The Independent.

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VOLUME IV, NUMBER 36. OSKALOOSA, KANSAS MAY 7, 1864. WHOLE NUMBER. 192.

Original Poetry.

For The Independent.

THE FLAG OF THE FREE.

Oh, give me a place in a Kansas band,
Tho' it be in the ranks with a gun in my hand;
I care not at all who our foes then may be,
When we have for our banner
The Flag of the Free!

Our camp shall resound with the music so fine,
That was sung by loved ones in a happier time,
E'er the dark cloud of war, o'er land and o'er sea,
Warned us forth to defend the Flag of the Free.

Then give me a place in a Kansas band,
Tho' it be in the ranks with a gun in my hand;
I care not at all who our foes then may be,
Since we have for our banner
The Flag of the Free!

On march and in camp we'll drive away care,
As we gaze on the banner that true Kansans dare,
Like truest and bravest of the bold sons of Mars,
Defend with their lives—the Stripes and the Stars!

Then give me &c.
While proudly waves o'er us
The Flag of the Free!

When the fierce battle rages and cannons do roar,
When the engines of death their missiles do pour
On the ranks of the Kansans, our motto shall be,
"A Union unbroken 'neath the Flag of the Free!"

Then give &c.
To defend against treason, where e'r it may be,
The Patriot's loved banner,
The Flag of the Free.

If the Death-Angel call us, if war lays us low
While battl'ing for Freedom 'gainst traitorous foe,
With a last shout of triumph our spirits shall rise
To the rest of patriots—a home in the skies.

Then give me a place in a Kansas band,
Tho' it be in the ranks with a gun in my hand;
I care not at all who our foes then may be,
As we bear on in triumph
THE FLAG OF THE FREE!

Selected Sketch.

THE WANDERER.

BY MARTHA ALLEN.

After little Wilhelm's death, it is true, Paul and I were very lonely again. The old quiet once more reigned undisturbed by a child's sweet voice. Still, it was unlike the gloom and solitude at which we murmured ere God sent an angel to bless us. Now, though the blue violets grew upon the grave of our darling, and the robin sang above it, an indefinable consciousness of his presence still invested the old rooms with an air of peace. Each quaint old chair and antiquated foot-stool were hallowed by the clinging memories of his infantile gambols—while many a green spot in our hearts told that our little Wilhelm's death had caused feeling to bloom afresh, dispensing the healthful influences of Divine grace.

Paul wheeled the cushioned chair close to the window, as if to view the setting sun, shrouding his disc in gold and purple clouds, but I knew full well it was to hide from me the starting tears that trickled down his cheeks, as tho'ts of the lost one were borne to his mind on the light wind of eve and the fleeting shadows of twilight.

As month speeded after month, our regrets became less and less; indeed, we often rejoiced, for we could not but feel our earthly pilgrimage was well nigh ended, and that soon our darling, now one of those who sing endless praises to the Lamb, would welcome our freed spirits to that home where the "wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

We went forth hand in-hand to the abodes of poverty, dispensing to the afflicted children of want and disease, from our abundance, ever feeling repaid a hundred fold by the calm and the happiness that now dwelt within our souls. When evening lowered, I would loosen the heavy curtains, stir up the fire burning in the ample grate; then, when the lights were brought in, would read again those blessed words, "Even so much as ye have done it unto one of these litte ones, ye have done it unto me." And Paul would exclaim,

"Dost thou remember, Elsie, the last time I read those words?"

Ah! how could I forget? Was not our darling then with us, nestled on my bosom?

Summer had passed away; Autumn, with its sad, moaning winds, its beating rains, had succeeded; the dry, naked branches of the trees rattled against the window panes; the crisp, yellow leaves danced and whirled in eddying circles down the broad garden paths; the sky, a dull, dark lead color, seemed to sympathise with the decay of nature; a large fire burned in the grate. Paul had grown very feeble lately, so my services were much needed; my arm to support his faltering steps, my eyes to read his favorite passages; he appeared never content now unless I were near him.

"Elsie," he would say, "come hither, I want thee near me ever, for the hour approaches 'when the bridegroom goeth forth,' and I must trim my lamp to be ready to accompany Him."

On this night he had drawn my arm through his, and resting his beloved head on my breast, spoke of the blessing God had vouchsafed, in permitting us thus long to journey together, and his conviction that our separation by the Death-angel would be short, that soon each would cast off all that was material, when the immortal would blend in an eternal union. His conversation then reverted to early days, his sorrow for the unknown fate of a dear brother — his mother's grief as year passed after year without bringing word or sign from the wanderer; of the maiden who faithfully kept her troth-plight amid all the ills of sickness and poverty, and still waiting, still watching, knowing no distrust, still thinking of him as the lover of her youth, at length lonely, neglected, sunk into the tomb. In a low voice, mellowed by olden remembrances, he slowly repeated Moore's beautiful lines:

"No, the heart that has tru'y loved, never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sun-flower turns on her god when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rose."

We drew closes to the fire; it was becoming chilly in the room; the wind moaned round the house like a wailing spirit; we listened and grew still. Each thought of the missing brother, for whom our Wilhelm had been called,—Somehow since the death of our little one, the two were become inseparably connected in our minds; to speak of one was to recall the other.

A loud rap at the hall-door echoed through the house; again and again the summons sounded. Paul roused entirely from his dreamy mood, looked eagerly towards the door, wondering who at this late hour was so impatient of entrance. Quick steps sounded in the hall and on the stairs; soon the door of our sitting-room was thrown open wide. Hannah entered, followed by a tall, sun-burnt man, his hair whitened either by years or cares. He appeared to be at a loss. First his gaze rested on me, then on Paul, then looked towards me again, as if there were some mistake. Just then, as he turned towards me again, the light was cast more fully on his countenance. Paul started, though two score years had heaped their snows on his father's grave; still it was as tho' he had returned, for the form and the expression of the face was the same as when he last looked on him.

"My brother Wilhelm!" he cried, clasping him to his breast; "God be thanked for this!"

Yes, it was indeed our brother, the lost one. Sad was the tale he told of years of imprisonment in foreign lands, sickness of body and mind, of letters written, lost perchance in the ocean's bed—for answers never came to cheer his exile—of the delirious joy as his foot once more pressed native earth; of the fearfully hurried journey to the well remembered village home; how the glad chimes of the bells sounded on his ear, long before he reached the lane that led to the old church. How gladly they seemed to welcome him! He had loved them in his youth, and their familiar notes now appeared as if hope and youth were his again. Onward, and the heart's joy, the dream of home, fled for ever; for the greetings of friends, he was shown the graves of his kindred, the stranger on his door-sill, and the lowly resting-place of the maiden who had loved him in his early days. Heart-sick, he asked for his surviving brother, and was directed hither. Paul he had sought as his memory pictured him, of erect and noble bearing, with beaming eye and clustering black hair round his noble brow, and had found but a feeble old man, tottering on the confines of eternity. Still the meeting was a happy one. Though sad and bitter tears were shed, they were mingled with sweets. The wanderer had found two loving hearts to welcome him. That night Paul prayed with unusual fervor; and as I heard his closing words, "Lord, now lettest Thou thy servant depart in peace," I knew that all within was calm.

Miscellaneous.

The Law of Love.

It was not mere good nature, but the adoption of the peace principles, which made Wm. Ladd thus gentle-hearted. A story which he often told with peculiar relish, will illustrate this moulding of his character.

I had, said he, a fine field of grain growing upon an out farm at some distance from the homestead. Whenever I rode by, I saw neighbor Pulsifer's sheep in the lot, destroying my hopes of harvest. These sheep were of the gaunt, long-eared kind, active as spaniels; they could spring over the highest fence, and no partition wall could keep them out. I complained to neighbor Pulsifer about them, sent him frequent messages, but all without avail. Perhaps they would be kept out for a day or two, but the legs of the sheep were long, and my grain rather more tempting than the adjoining pasture. I rode by again, the sheep were still there—I became angry, and told my men to set the dogs on them, and if that would not do, I would pay them if they would shoot the sheep.

I rode away much agitated; for I was not so much of a peace man then as I am now, and I felt literally full of fight. All at once a light flashed upon me. I asked myself, would it not be well for you to try in your own conduct the peace principle you are preaching to others? I thought it all over, and settled in my mind, as to the best course to be pursued.

The next morning I rode over to see neighbor Pulsifer. I found him chopping wood at his door.

"Good morning, neighbor."

No answer.

"Good morning," I repeated.

He gave a kind of a grunt, like a hog, without looking up.

"I came," continued I, "to see you about the sheep."

At this he threw down the axe, and exclaimed in a most angry manner—

"Now, aren't you a pretty neighbor to tell your men to kill my sheep? I heard of it—a rich man like you to shoot a poor man's sheep!"

"I was wrong, neighbor," said I; "but it will not do to let your sheep eat up all my grain; so I came to say that I would take your sheep to my pasture, and put them in with mine, and in the fall you may take them back, and if any one is missing, you may take your pick out of my whole flock."

Pulsifer looked confounded—he did not know how to take me. At last he stammered out:

"Now, squire, are you in earnest?"

"Certainly, I am," I answered; "it is better for me to feed your sheep in my pasture on grass, than to feed them here on grain; and I see the fence can't keep them out."

After a moment's silence, Pulsifer exclaimed:—

"The sheep shan't trouble you again; I will fetter them all; but I'll let you know that when any man talks of shooting, I can shoot, too; and when they are kind and neighborly, I can be kind, too."

The sheep never again trespassed on my lot. And, my friends, he would continue, addressing the audience, remember when you talk of injuring your neighbors, they talk of injuring you; and when nations threaten to fight, other nations will be ready, too. Love will beget love—a wish to be at peace. You can only overcome evil with good. There is no other way.—*Dem. Review.*

ANECDOTE OF THE ENGLISH PAINTER, JAMES SEYMOUR.—He was employed by the Duke of Somerset, commonly called "the Proud Duke," to paint the portraits of his horses at Petworth, who condescended to sit with Seymour (his namesake) at table. One day at dinner, the Duke filled his glass, and saying with a sneer, "*Cousin* Seymour, your health," drank it off. "My lord," said the artist, "I believe I *have* the honor of being related to your grace." The proud peer rose from the table, and ordered his steward to dismiss the presumptuous painter, and employ an humbler brother of the brush. This was accordingly done; but when the new painter saw the spirited works of his predecessor, he shook his head, and retiring said, "No man in England can compete with James Seymour." The Duke now condescended to recall his discarded cousin. "My lord," was the answer of Seymour, "I will now prove to the world that I am of your blood—*I won't come.*" Upon receiving this laconic reply, the Duke sent his steward to demand a former loan of £100. Seymour briefly replied that "he would write to his Grace." He did so, but directed his letter, "Northumberland House opposite the Trunk-maker's, Charing Cross." Enraged at this additional insult, the Duke threw the letter into the fire without opening it, and immediately ordered the steward to have him arrested. But Seymour, struck with an opportunity of evasion, carelessly observed that "it was hasty in his Grace to burn his letter, because it contained a bank note for £100, and that, *therefore*, they were now quits."

The Beard.

Nature has supplied the most of mankind with beards, and in ancient times the use of a razor upon it was unknown. In Greece, the first instance of shaving occurred in the reign of Alexander the Great. This warrior ordered the Macedonians to be saved, lest the beards of the soldiers should afford handles to their enemies. The sarcastic Diogenes, when he once saw some one whose chin was smooth, said, "I am afraid you think you have great grounds to accuse Nature for having made you a man and not a woman." In Cicero's time the genuine beard was not worn by society. But the *barbula* (goatee) seems to have been affected by the young Roman "swells."

The beard began to revive again in the time of the Emperor Hadrian. But of all the emperors who wore that ornament, none created so much interest in posterity as the Emperor Julian. His beard is the most famous beard in history. Speaking of it, he says; "I commence with my countenance. It had nothing regular or particularly agreeable about it, and out of humor and whimsicality, and just to punish it for not being handsome, I have made it ugly by carrying this long and *peopled beard.*"

The Britons, like the ancient Gauls, allow the hair to grow thick on the head; and, altho' they shaved their beards close on the chin, wore immense tangled mustaches which sometimes reached to their breasts.

It may be presumed that the Northern nations felt the symbolic force of these appendages; we have a well known passage in Tacitus about the Catti, who, he says, made a general custom of what among other people was a matter of private daring—the letting the "crinem barbamque" grow till they had killed an enemy. The Normans, when they conquered England, were all shaven, on the back of the head as well as on the face; but the Saxons wore full beards.

In Edward II's reign beards were worn apparently by persons in years, great officers of State, and Knight Templars, but not generally. Sir John Mandeville, the traveller, (who died A. D. 1372,) was called Sir John with the Beard (presumably from its size.) In Edwards III's time—the heyday of chivalry, of feudal ornament, of love-poetry, of heraldry—long beard and fine mustache were in honorable estimation. In Richard II's reign the fashion continued. The beard was "forked," and in all knightly effigies the mustache is long and drooping on each side of the mouth."

A sober and well-governed gentle man of Elizabeth's time regulated his beard, as he did his dress, mind, manner and conduct. It was an index of his stars or profession; an emblem of his feelings and tastes—a symbol to be respected like his coat of arms. The Reformer, John Knox, cherished a large and profuse one, obviously from its patriarchal character, from the honor shown it in the Jewish days, from whose sentiment he drew his inspiration. The scholar, George Buchanan, wore it—sometimes as one who followed Knox and Calvin.

The hair, as we all know, played an important symbolic part in the Civil Wars of England and the same rigor which the Puritan exercised on his head on his chin, and trimmed his beard as closely as he trimmed his locks. The Vandyke Beard is the typical one of this period. Peaked Beards and mustaches were popular among the cavaliers, and were at least pretty generally worn.

Beards went out of fashion for more than two hundred years, among the Anglo Saxons of Europe, and America; but they have been revived again, and they are now cultivated and defended upon scientific considerations.

The mustache is approved because it is said to be a natural respirator; a defense to the lungs against the inhalation of dust; and the beard is defended as a protection for the throat against cold. It has been recommended that all preachers who are subject to the throat diseases should allow their beards to grow. Travelers in sandy regions, millers, bakers, and all mechanics, should allow the beard free play.

"There's a Language that's Mute."

A gentleman, one Sunday morning, was attracted to watch a young country girl on the high road from the village to the church, by observing that she looked hither and thither, this way and that, upon the road, as if she had lost her thimble. The bells were *setting* for prayers, and there was no one visible on the road except the girl and a gentleman, who recognized in her the errand-maid of a neighboring farmer. 'What are you looking for, my girl?' asked the gentleman, as the damsel continued to pore along the dusty road. She answered gravely: 'Sir, I'm looking to see if my master be gone to church.' Now her master had a *wood en leg.*

Young Lady—"Pray, cabman, are you engaged?"

Cabman—"Oh! bliss yer, Miss—why I've been married this seven years."

Cunning Astrologer.

An astrologer foretold the death of a lady whom Louis XI. passionately loved. She did, in fact, die; and the King imagined that the prediction of the astrologer was the cause of it. He sent for the man, intending to have him thrown through the window, as a punishment. 'Tell me, thou who pretendest to be so clever and learned a man, what thy fate will be?' The soothsayer, who suspected the intrigues of the Prince, and knew his foible, replied:—'Sire, I forsee that I shall die three days before your Majesty.' The King believed him, and was careful of the astrologer's life.

WOMAN.—The true life of woman seems to me less a subject for jest and ridicule, than for deep and earnest tho't. Much has been said about her proper sphere. As we look back through the ages that are passed, we discover that it has widened vastly since she was regarded as a soulless slave, without any perceptible loss of refinement. We also discover that ideas are governed very much by custom, and we may observe how tastes change with the fashion. No one thinks of sneering at Victoria as unwomanly on account of the station she occupies at the head of the English nation; we are used to seeing her there. When we are thrilled by the genius of a Mrs. Browning, a Charlotte Bronte, and a Mrs. Stowe, we see something more beautiful than blue stockings; they are out of fashion. We need not be frightened at every step; our eyes are wonderfully formed to adjust themselves to the light. Woman's want is not to grow bold and coarse—not to fight—not to wrangle with the "great unwashed" at elections, as some seem to suppose; but room to flower out into the full, rich life that God has fashioned for her. In its heavenly beauty is divine power to cleanse the great unwashed. In that radiant, full being, she will be to man no slave—no toy—but a companion for his highest, god-like nature; different, but equal; each soul being to the other intenser heavenly life. Woman's want is man's deepest need, his highest [illegible]. Thought is at work slowly the grand truths of God are evolved. The light of the glorious coming day has arisen. Frightened people may try in various ways to put it out, as the slaveholder tries to extinguish the light of liberty; but God's lights are far above man's reach, or we should have been in darkness long ago; they burn on eternally. In time we shall become strong enough for the full day, and in that rich life go up to God in thanks too deep for words.

Odd Housekeeping.

Mrs. Montgomery was the only—the motherless—daughter of the stern General Campbell, who early installed her into the duties of housekeeper, and expected this giddy puss to give in her accounts with the precision of a Mrs. Decorum; but it sometimes happened that, in setting down the articles purchased, and their prices, she put the "cart before the horse;" her gruff papa never lectured her verbally, but wrote his remarks on the margin of the paper, and returned it for correction. One such instance was as follows: "General Campbell thinks five-and-sixpence exceeding dear for parsley." Henrietta instantly saw her mistake, but instead of formally rectifying it, wrote against the next item—"Miss Campbell thinks *two-pence halfpenny* excessively *cheap* for *fowls*;" and sent it back to her father.

Justice.

In the translation of the works of Sadi, just made by Mr. Eastwick, we find a story upon which history has been little more than a beautiful commentary. "They relate that once, during a hunting expedition, they were preparing for Nushervan the Just, some game, as roast meat. There was no salt, and they dispatched a slave to the village to bring some. Nushervan said, 'Pay for the salt you take, in order that it may not become a custom, and the village be ruined.' They said, 'What harm will this little quantity do?' He replied, 'The origin of injustice in the world was at first small, but every one that came added to it, until it has reached its present magnitude.'"

In reply to an anti-slavery letter addressed by more than 700 French protestant clergymen to their English brethren on the subject of the American war, upwards of 1500 of the English clergy reply, "that it is honorable to France and French Protestantism that it so heartily wishes the destruction of a slave system which makes four millions of negroes wretched, which debases their masters, and which dishonors christianity." They agree that the success of the Confederate States would put back the progress of Christian civilization a whole century.

The President has directed that the sentence of court-martial to death, and that have not been otherwise acted upon by him, be mitigated to imprisonment during the war, at the Dry Tortugas, Florida.

Always do the best you can.

Farm and Houshold.

Coal Oil for Fruit.

A gentleman formerly connected with the coal oil business in this city, tells us that several years ago, in taking a lot of sample bottles of oil on a journey for exhibition, he accidentally had a bottle broken, saturating the sawdust in which the bottles were packed. When he arrived at his stopping-place, he put his sawdust at the foot of a plum tree, it being about the time of the blossoming of plum trees. The result was watched, and it turned out that the curculio, which ravaged the other plum trees in the orchard, gave this one a wide berth, and the plums were saved to ripen.

This circumstance led to further experiments, with like favorable results. The sawdust thus saturated—which can be with the cheapest kind of coal oil—retains the odor for a long time, which is offensive to the fastidious tastes of the little Turk. The borer also will not put his gimlet into the trunk of a tree which is encircled with this stuff.—*Ohio Farmer.*

BEEFSTEAKS.—Steaks should never be covered after they are laid upon the dish; a cover smoothers them and thus they lose their best flavor. Beefsteaks should be eaten as soon as they are cooked.

The best pieces for steak are the sirloin and the rump. The top of the round next to aitch-bone is very juicy, and by pounding it with a mallet may be made as tender as the rump. The steaks should be cut nearly an inch thick. It is not necessary to grease the gridiron before putting on the steak—indeed, the flavor of the meat is much impaired by so doing.

Prepare a brisk fire of coals, put your gridiron over it, but do not let your gridiron get hot before you put on the steak. As soon as the sinews become crisped a little, turn the steak. Do not spill the gravy upon the fire. Take up the steak on a hot dish, turn the steak and replace it upon the gridiron. It will require twenty minutes to cook it through, and brown the outside. As soon as the steak is cooked, put it upon a hot dish and serve.

FRESH MEAT GRIDDLES.—Chop all the bits of cod, fresh beef or veal, season with salt and pepper; make a griddle batter, and lay on a spoonful of batter over the meat, and when cooked on one side, then turn, and when done carry them on hot, and they are very nice.

HOW TO DO UP SHIRT BOSOMS.—We have often heard ladies expressing a desire to know by what process the fine gloss on new linens, shirt bosoms, &c., is produced, and, in order to gratify them, we subjoin the following receipt:—

Take two ounces of fine white gum arabic powder—put it into a pitcher, and pour on it a pint or more of boiling water (according to the degree of strength you desire,) and then having covered it, let it set all night—in the morning pour it carefully from the drugs into a clean bottle, cork it, and keep it for use. A tablespoonful of gum water, stirred into a pint of starch made in the usual manner, will give to lawns, either white or printed, a look of newness when nothing else can restore them after washing.

CORN FRITTERS.—One tea-cup full of milk, three eggs, one pint of green corn grated, a little salt, and as much flour as will form a batter. Beat the eggs, the yolks and whites separate. To the yolks of the eggs add the corn, salt, milk, and flour enough to form a batter, beat the whole very hard, then stir in the whites, and drop the batter, a spoonful at a time, into hot lard, and fry them on both sides of a light brown color.

CORN OYSTERS.—One pint of grated green corn, two eggs, as much wheat flour as will make it adhere together. Beat the eggs, mix them with the grated green corn, and add enough flour to form the whole into a paste. Fry them of a light brown in hot lard.

When does a man rob his wife? When he hooks her dress.

For the Little Folks.

CONVERSATIONS ON AMERICAN HISTORY.

BY E. KENNEDY.

THE CRADLE OF LIBERTY.

T. That I should have to see, certainly.

P. Not long after the bloody affair at Bunker's Hill, Gen. Washington arrived near Boston to take the command. Cambridge is four miles from Boston, I believe. He found a great many rough, undisciplined men had gathered in there; rough enough, but ready. For they had faithful, honest hearts beating in their bosoms. Some fourteen thousand of them! The wonderful report of Bunker's Hill had gone forth, and men's souls were up in arms and eager for the fray. The killing of a few militia men at Lexington in April, and the still more formidable engagement which had taken place more recently opposite Boston, had spread abroad like wild-fire, and

"They mustered in their simple dress,
For wrongs to seek a stern redress—
To right those wrongs, come weal or woe,
To perish or o'ercome their foe."

T. There must have been a great deal of the true spirit amongst our ancestors ninety years ago.

P. Indeed there was; only imagine the zeal and determination that could bring together such a body of men within so short a space of time. Fourteen thousand of them in all—"mustered in their simple dress," as the song has it, without uniforms or equipments of any kind, except the death-dealing rifle, which they bro't from home with them—and then on the second day of July—only two weeks after the slaughter upon Bunker's Hill, there came that tall, manly, honest hearted Virginian amongst them, to be placed over them as their Commander-in-Chief.

T. I suppose all these fourteen thousand men were not all of them in a single body, and stationed at one place.

P. O, no; they stretched from Roxbury to Cambridge, and from thence to Mystic River, in a circuit of some ten or twelve miles or more, so as to surround Boston, and compel these obnoxious "Britishers" to retire and leave the place. But you will remember that they didn't do so until the next Spring, when preparations were made by planting cannon upon Dorchester Heights, to throw bomb shells and cannon balls into the city, and so by this means drive them away. By the way, Tommy, what do you know about the Battle of Bennington?

T. Not anything, I believe, only that Gen. Stark was the commander there, and that he told his "boys" when the battle was about to begin, that they must flog the enemy, or else "Molly Stark should be a widow."

P. Very well, that is all true enough. Now, if you should ever go into the State House at the head of Boston Common, and hunt out the Senate Chamber, you will find over the door-way as you enter the room, some of the very trophies of this very battle. There is a musket or two—perhaps one or more swords, a huge Hessian cap, a brass drum with the head battered in, and it may be a few other articles, such as were picked up upon the battle-field of Bennington after the strife was over. The British and Hessians were defeated, and Molly Stark's husband was safe, and she was no widow. These trophies were presented to the Massachusetts Legislature, and were honorably hung up in the Senate Chamber so as to be seen. It was there that I saw them in 1836, and if due respect is had to the memory of Gen. Stark, I presume you might find them there still. If ever I should visit Boston again, I would surely go to the town of Lexington, where the first blood was spilled, that began the seven years' struggle. I would like to stand upon the green where Major Pitcairn cried out, "Disperse, you rebels; throw down your arms and disperse!" and upon their honest refusal to stir from the spot, then the word of command to "fire" was given, and eight American citizens fell dead. It was needful that blood should be poured out upon the ground, in order to bring men's minds to feel the solemn reality of the struggle that had now, in good earnest, begun. I should like to follow along the road to Boston—twenty miles and upwards, and picture to myself the trees and the stone walls, and the barns and houses behind which the hardy "provincials" posted themselves to make a more deadly aim upon the retreating enemy. Learn my boy, the lesson of American Independence, and learn the steps, too, by which it was achieved. Go, stand upon the battle grounds, and drink deeply of the spirit which animated the brave men of '76. Read Mr. Lossing's beautiful "Field Book of the Revolution," and become acquainted with the men, and with the scenes, and with the brilliant events of that brightest and best day of our history. I say brightest and best, because it showed to the world a generation of honest men—men ready to suffer and to die for the sake of their principles.